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Chicago Commons.

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT, A RESIDENT OF THE COMMONS.

(*'Union Gospel News.'*)

Now, Professor, before we let you have the lease of the house, two or three things must be thoroughly understood. For one thing, you cannot use it for a saloon.

'I have no idea of using it for a saloon.'

'Nor for a dance hall.'

'That is not my plan.'

'Nor for a gambling-house.'

'I do not intend to run a gambling-house.'

Professor Graham Taylor of Chicago Theological Seminary, was trying to secure the lease of an old house in the Seventeenth Ward of Chicago, and the two young men who had the control of the leasing were naturally suspicious. They knew that when a man was ready to pay \$150 a month for a house in the densely crowded industrial district, he was probably not doing it 'for fun.' They knew that even at that rent a property like theirs would net the tenant a handsome profit if used for any of the tabooed purposes. They did not know that their visitor was a minister, and a



CLOTHING GOING TO THE SWEAT SHOP.

trainer of ministers. Anybody can be a 'professor' in Chicago nowadays, and they could not tell from the inscrutable countenance of the tall man in black clothing who wanted to rent the house, whether he was a professor of legerdemain, veterinary surgery, the tonsorial art, or the banjo.

At any rate, whoever he was, he must be made to understand that there were limits of propriety beyond which he would not be permitted to go. Even his assurance that neither saloon, dance-hall, nor gambling-house was in mind, left them still doubtful. Possibly some new and unforeseen form of irregularity was contemplated. At that time the house was used as a boarding-house for German men, and the rear wing was a densely packed Italian tenement house, with a stable underneath, where the Italian peddlers kept their horses and defied sanitation.

'Well, what are you going to do in that house?'

'Going to live in it.'

'Going to what?'

'Going to live in it.'



CARRYING THE WASHING HOME.

'Well, but what do you expect to get for it?'

'Nothing.'

'Oh, that's all right, of course, but I mean, what is there in it for you—what will you get to pay for your living in such a neighborhood when you don't have to?'

And then the Professor explained that with some friends he purposed to move into that house and live there, just as he was living at that time on West Monroe street, with all that living meant. To share the life of that neighborhood, its joys and comforts, its dangers and discomforts, its civic and social privileges and duties and responsibilities; to establish there a home of live and hearty folks, with keen enjoyment of life and of the delights and activities of life; to be neighbors in the neighborhood, to extend the right hand of fellowship and fellow-citizenship to the Irishman who lived on one side, the German butcher on the corner, the Scandinavian grocer across the street, and the Italian pedler in the rear—in short, again, to live there, with all that living would mean or ever had meant, anywhere. This was the purpose for which the old house was wanted.

The brothers looked at the Professor, and at each other, long and intently.

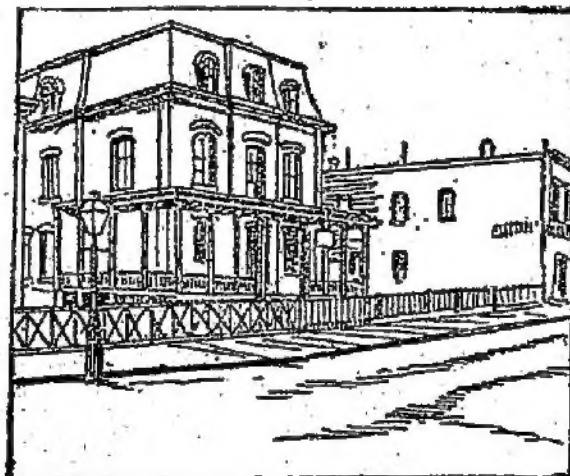
'Do you mean to say, that while you can live on West Monroe street, within a stone's throw of Ashland Boulevard, you are coming of your own free will to live among the Dagoes here on North Union street?'

'That is it, exactly.'

'Who is going to pay you?'

'Nobody.'

'But what do you expect to make out of it?—these people are all too poor to make it pay—how are you going to get your money back?'



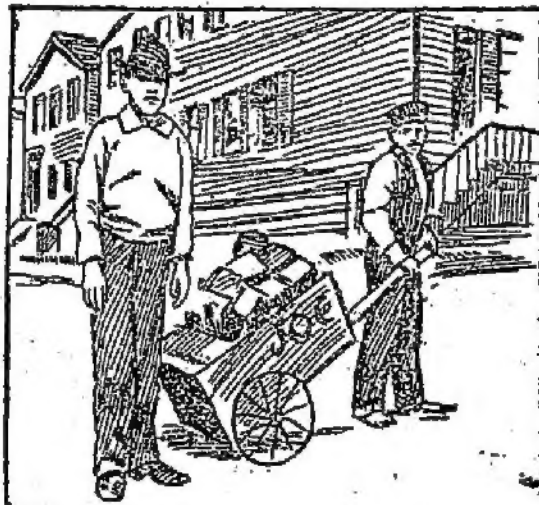
CHICAGO COMMONS — THE SETTLEMENT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

'We don't expect to get it back—don't want to get it back. We would have to pay rent somewhere, and live somewhere. We choose to pay our rent and live here.'

'My goodness!' exclaimed one of the brothers, as soon as he could recover his breath. 'I suppose there are such folks, brother, but this is the first one of 'em I ever saw!'

And so the house was rented, and in October of 1894 the pioneers of the group moved in. At first, after a season of sharing occupancy even with the German boarders only the front part of the house was occupied by the new comers, and through the glass doors which separated the front from the rear, the dark-skinned Italian men, women and children peered at the strange folks who could live if they chose, in the fairyland of the boulevard, and who, willingly, lived in this dingy place. It was not long, however, before the work that grew up in the house required all the available rooms, and the Italians were displaced, in some cases at the cost of the payment by Professor Taylor of their advance rent in some other place.

An Augean task was the cleaning of that old house. Built in the sixties for a family mansion, it had been one of the palaces of the West Side, but a checkered history of degeneration had marked it in every part. It had been a temporary office building for the Northwestern Railway after the great fire of 1871. That was when the great rear frame addition was erected. Later, it was the quarters of 'Altenheim,' the German Old People's Home. And it deteriorated, socially and materially, until the beginning of the present era, the old house and the neighborhood falling together out of caste and out of repair with accelerating degeneracy. Giant rats scuttled about the floors, roaches scaled the walls and mot-



WHERE AND HOW THE STREET PAVEMENTS GO.

tled the uneven boards, which creaked under the tread, and by night various other vermin stalked the rooms and disputed the sway of the Teuton and the Roman.

These, however, are things of the past. Disinfectants, soap and water, paint, plumbing, saws, hammers, nails, paper and a general invasion of overhaulers, made the place habitable, and the thirty people who live in the old house to-day and with activities of many kinds tax the forty-six rooms to their utmost, are as healthy and happy and cleanly—a group as one would ask to find.

At first, the neighborhood fought shy. It was inconceivable to them that such peo-

ple could have come into such a neighborhood without some sort of mercenary motive. Their relations with their neighbors were largely that of money-getting, and those from the brighter world of culture and elegance with whom they had experience usually had some ulterior motive of gain, or patronage, or propaganda. But when they did find beyond a doubt that these people who had come to live among them asked nothing of them but their friendship, maintained toward them no attitude but that of neighborly goodwill, the barriers fell altogether, and in increasing measure the real touch of human hands and hearts became possible and actual in a true reciprocity of fellowship and brotherly service.

Such was the origin of 'Chicago Commons,' and it is substantially the history of most of the social settlements which are becoming a recognized agency for work in city centres in the United States and Great Britain—to say nothing of practically similar activities in France, and even in Japan, where 'Airinsha—the House of Neighborly Love' is to be found in Kyoto. And because the origin and activity of Chicago Commons is so entirely typical, it will be safe to proceed with a brief description of the work for the benefit of those to whom the pictures will be new.

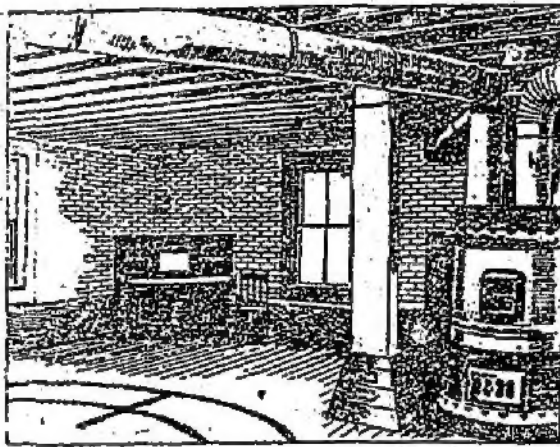
About this home-centre have grown up a number of activities and interests in the way of educational classes, social clubs and friendly groups. It was perfectly simple and natural that when some of the Swedish or Italian neighbors expressed a desire to study English, some one in the Commons should offer to help a group in this way, and that when the mechanic or tailor in the next street wanted to read French history, or to study algebra, some one should be found among the residents or their friends to assist in this matter. And in this way a large educational work has grown up, never forced but always in response to an expressed need, filling the necessary gaps in the night-school privileges, passing on, for those who will, into the more advanced studies, offering cooking, domestic economy, home nursing, mechanical drawing, music, art, manual training, elocution, history, literature, languages, and so on into as many fields of knowledge as the alert minds of the people of this working district may go, and friends may be rallied to guide them.

A Berlin-trained kindergartener, surrendering offers far more tempting to the financial estimate, daily conducts the little children of the neighborhood through the happy self-developing exercises of the Froebel-Pestalozzi child-nurture, and incidentally trains the half-dozen kindergarten students who assist her in the methods which she has made successful. Organically allied to this is the Friday evening mothers' meeting, when the mothers of the little ones gather under similar auspices to work together, and study together the heart-science of motherhood.

A large Woman's Club brings together weekly the working women of the neighborhood to discuss matters of common interest and to forget a while the cares of home work and the perplexities of the daily grind. Tuesday evening the workingmen of the ward assemble in that old back basement, now redeemed from its unsavory stable-history, and discuss the topics of industrial economics in which their interests are wholly involved, and of which they are earnest, thoughtful and remarkably well-informed students. Woe is to the dilettante in economics who beards these fellows in some debate! They live and

breathe the air of social study, and one must be well-informed who faces them with instruction.

Once a week a fine people's chorus meets for the study of the best music under the



The 'Assembly Hall'—The One-Time Stable of the Italian Pedlars.

most competent teachers. Their concerts pack to the doors the large hall of the ward, and are looked forward to as events of the season. The children, too, have a chorus on a similar scale.

A 'Pleasant Sunday Afternoon' hour is broadly religious, including short talks, ethical readings, vocal and instrumental music and prayer.

The summer work in the Commons, which is now well toward its beginning, is least formal, and perhaps most personal and most interesting. Last summer several weary mothers were sent with their little children to visit good friends found by the Commons in the surrounding country places. In groups and small parties the boys and girls were taken to the suburbs. The kindergarten, which was maintained all summer, had several outings in a body. Single children spent periods of a fortnight in the fairland of farms. For those who could not leave for even a whole day, delightful street car rides to leafy suburbs were arranged. These things will be repeated this summer.

After all is said, however, it needs to be



SOME OF 'DE COMMON KIDS.'

said and said again, that to the settlement idea none of these agencies are necessary. They may be said to be an inevitable result, but they are not the first, or the main thing. The home, located where it seems to be needed, rather than where the neighbor-

hood offers the most of social privilege and prestige, is the main thing.

What is needed in these and all other districts of the great city, as was said not long ago by one of the best-known settlement workers, is an embodiment of the essence of Christianity—a reincarnation of the Spirit of God. 'This,' he said, 'is what the settlement must be to be in any real sense successful. In every word and thought and act of its human, personal existence and outreach, it must repeat and exemplify that divine sentence, "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us."'

A Woman's Plea.

A writer in the 'Epworth Herald' tells the story of the conversion of the venerable missionary, William Butler:—

More than fifty years ago, at an early morning hour, a young man was walking briskly through a little valley a few miles south of Dublin, intent on business pursuits.

He was met by a woman who gently said: 'Good morning, young man. May I say a few words to you?'

As he looked into the sweet face of the stranger and saw her saintly smile, he answered, 'Yes, madam, you may say whatever you wish.'

Stepping nearer and touching his sleeve with her thin white hand, she said: 'I want to ask you this question: Do you pray?'

'No, madam, I do not,' was the honest reply.

'Well, if you don't pray, what will become of your soul?' she asked. With a few earnest words she woke him up to the fact that his soul was in danger; that he must be converted or perish, and then lovingly showed him how he might be saved. In parting, she said:—'God is not only able and willing to save your soul, but he is also willing to make you the means of the salvation of other people.'

The Holy Spirit sealed the faithful words. The young man dropped his worldly business, walked on into a field, and on his knees behind a wall pleaded with God for mercy and gave himself to Jesus Christ for all time.

April 7, 1856, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the 'Canada' sailed away from East Boston bearing among her passengers this same consecrated young man, his noble wife, and two little ones, and this was his wonderful commission, given by Bishop Simpson:—'Bro. Butler, lay deep and broad foundations for Methodism in India.'

'So,' he says himself, 'I entered India and passed on up to Bareilly, and took possession in the name of my divine master, planting the standard of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the central city of that great Gangetic valley.'

To-day the heart of the whole church turns lovingly and reverently toward the silver-haired man who now rests and waits in the pleasant home in Newton Centre, Mass., and gratefully recognizes him as the founder of our India missions.

Surely, 'the fitly-spoken word' was golden that won for Christ and Methodism, for India and Mexico as well, a William Butler and his consecrated family.

Read o'er your marching orders,
Sealed with your Leader's blood;
To earth's remotest borders
Proclaim the Lamb of God.

There is but one salvation,
From sin and death and hell;
To every tribe and nation,
Let the sweet tidings swell.
—J. E. Rankin, D.D.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A BRAVE COWARD.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan.)

'I have no doubt,' said the preacher, closing the lids of the bible and looking down into the eyes of the still and listening people, 'that you all would like to go to heaven when you die. More than that, I have no doubt that most of you expect to go there. Now I want to leave this question with you: How will you feel when you meet your Saviour, if you have not brought one soul to him; if you have not even tried to bring one? Let us pray.'

The Sunday evening congregation emptied itself out into the village street and dispersed quietly to the various homes. Those who lived outside of the village carried lighted lanterns, and the sparks of dim light could be seen moving fitfully about, like will-o'-the-wisps.

One of these country members was Lavalette Holmes, a young daughter of a farmhouse about two miles from town—a good girl; one who was 'much set on church-going,' the neighbors said approvingly. It was too far for her to walk alone at night, and her parents only got out on Sunday morning, but Larry, her uncle's son, lived on the next farm, and was very good-natured about escorting her. Larry did not care for church himself, but he liked well enough to look at the girls, and to exchange 'chaff' with the other fellows.

'I say, Letty, didn't Maria Senseney have on a fine hat, to-night?' Larry exclaimed, as soon as they had unwound themselves a little from the outpouring stream.

Lavalette was silent; she had been trying to make up her mind to speak to Larry about his own salvation, and had almost screwed her courage up to the point of speaking, when this light beginning of conversation on his part baffled and thwarted her.

For weeks and months this had been on the girl's conscience; every sermon she heard, every hymn, every prayer, seemed to bring home to her the solemn duty of speaking to this careless young cousin, and yet she never could get herself to overcome the terrible shyness and reluctance she felt in the matter.

A hundred times she had planned ways of speaking to him alone; a hundred times she had thought out little speeches to make to him on the subject, and just as many times the sight of Larry's familiar, merry countenance, the sound of his gay, careless speech, would make her flinch and fail, and defer the speaking.

Sometimes she gave up in despair, saying she could never do it. Sometimes she persuaded herself that it would do more harm than good. Sometimes she cried out resentfully that it was his mother's business, or his father's, or the preacher's, not her's; what was she but an ignorant girl?

But always, as to-night, the strong conviction came back that she was neglecting her Lord's cause; was wounding and grieving him by her cowardly failures to speak this word in his name, and new resolves would be born in her trembled heart.

'I will wait till we get to the gate,' she said to herself now, while Larry waited to hear her opinion of Maria's new hat. 'It don't seem fair to force things on him, when he has taken the trouble to escort me to church.' So Lavalette joined in her cousin's good-humored chat about their neighbors, and the reaction from a mental strain, the brisk walk in the cool night air, Larry's gay



'LARRY,' SHE SAID, 'I WAS JUST THINKING OF YOU.'

companionship—all of these things excited her to such liveliness that it was impossible to get back into any frame of mind suited to the words she had meant to utter.

'I am ever so much obliged to you, Larry,' she began, but he interrupted her. 'No; you ain't got any call to be obliged to me,' he said; 'going to church puts you in such a good humor, Let, that you are game company; I don't know when I've laughed so much.'

Poor Lavalette went to bed in the deepest discouragement. 'Oh! what a coward I am,' she groaned, tossing restlessly about in the dark. 'My Saviour faced all those cruel trials, and death itself, for me, and I am afraid to speak a word for him to my own boy cousin! I wonder he doesn't cast me away! And I sat up to-night in church and sang:—

'Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!'

with as much feeling as anybody seemed to have, and then just backed right down when the test came.

She got up and kneeled beside her bed, and wept and prayed; prayed as hardly ever before in her life, with a keen realization that she had done all that her own strength could do, and now help must come from the outside; if she was ever to be anything but a miserable coward, it must be because Jesus would put his spirit within her.

Before she crept back to bed, Lavalette

had made a high resolve—made it not to herself, but to God. 'Blessed Saviour, I promise you,' she said solemnly, 'that the next time I am alone with Larry, I will ask him to come and be saved. I promise!' And, worn out with her struggles and tears the girl fell asleep.

When she awakened the next morning, it was with the awed feeling of one going into battle, but she had no thought of retreat.

It was wash-day at the farmhouse, and Lavalette bent her young back to this weekly drudgery with unusual ardor. There was no thought of seeing Larry that morning, but he might come over after dark for a game of checkers; he often did.

'Carry them sheets down the yard to the end of the lines, Lavalette,' said her mother; 'ther ain't enough sunshine up here under the trees.'

Lavalette picked up the heavy basket and walked off lightly with it; she was very strong. But she suddenly felt as weak as a kitten, for as she flapped the wet sheet over the line, a familiar voice at her elbow sang out:—

'Said Bessie Brooks to Johnny Snooks,
To-morrow will be Monday.'

Lavalette turned hot and then cold; her head swam, her heart beat so fast she could hardly breathe, and her hands and feet seemed turned to ice. But she did not flinch this time. 'Larry,' she said, in a faint, constrained voice, 'I was just thinking of you and wishing that I could say

something to make you take my Saviour for yours.

Larry stood still on the path, entirely dumbfounded; but now a strange thing happened. The great mountain of difficulty against which Lavalette had so long stumbled melted away, and it was no harder to talk about this great matter than about other things. The reasons she had been conning over to urge upon him now came readily enough to her lips. Only from Larry himself no word of answer came; he turned his back and walked heavily away.

He was back at the farmhouse after dark, but not to play checkers. 'I had begun to think,' he said honestly, 'that you all either didn't care much for your religion, or you didn't care much for me, Letty, for nobody ever asked me to be a Christian before.'

And never again did the young girl find it hard, at least so hard, to speak a word for the Master. That victory was for the rest of her life.—'Forward.'

The Value of Collections.

(By Eugenie Loba Beckwith.)

Referring to a collector who afterwards came to grief through his mania because it swallowed up every other aim of his life, Balzac in his 'Cousin Pons' says: 'Take up the task of collecting something, no matter what—people have ere now collected land bills—and you will recover your ingots of joy in small change. A hobby, a mania is pleasure transformed into the shape of an idea.'

A mild form of this disease is in many ways beneficial.

Balzac's reference to the collecting of land bills as long as fifty years ago is illustrative of the fact that history repeats itself after a certain lapse of time as seen by the present craze for collecting posters.

The value of collections among young people is chiefly in the concentration of purpose and attention which it fosters, and the habit which is formed by looking deeply into things worth knowing.

A gentleman was overheard to say, 'I want my little girl to be interested in collecting something. I don't care if it's dogs or cats, so long as she sets herself diligently to do it.'

The enthusiasm of this parent must have communicated itself to the little daughter, for in two years from the time the above speech was made the air was astir with talk of collections, and of the premiums which were being awarded for them in the public schools.

The child referred to had ranked first in her collection of stones, the prize being for the one who had gathered the greatest variety with his own hands, and his ability to describe the locality, surroundings, and conditions of the soil.

In the same school many children had prepared beautiful collections of leaves and specimens of woods.

Probably one reason why children do not take up natural history studies more earnestly and scientifically is that they have not at home the encouragement they need.

I know a family that goes enthusiastically into all the interests of the children.

Last summer butterflies was the absorbing theme with a boy, so butterflies became for the time the chief interest with his parents. Some one asked, 'What are you studying now?' and the answer was, 'Oh, it's kites with the boy just now, and therefore kites with us.'

An article on 'Scientific kite-making,' was produced that the best light might be brought to bear upon a seemingly trivial occupation. The subject of balance and pro-

portion, light and heavy woods, tails and no tails, and the proper making of paste, all received their due consideration. An observation of different kinds of woods grows out of kite-making, and a collection of the varieties in one's neighborhood is within the reach of every boy and girl.

The collection fever is the most contagious of all epidemics. Last summer a few boys were studying natural history in a field club under the direction of a naturalist. At first only a few nets were to be seen; soon, however, no picnic or fishing outfit was complete unless the collector's bottle, net and bag formed a part of it. If a mother had the laugh turned against her because at her boy's request she inquired at a store for black cheese cloth, she did not mind, since both had thus learned that there was no such a thing.

When from the nodding branches of the elm trees the bags, made from black mosquito netting, caused the passers-by to stop and ask what it meant, they went home carrying to their children the germs of the collector's fever.

Why? Because of the interest they had caught from hearing of the beautiful vaneas that were to develop from caterpillars caged in the netting with the tender tips of elm boughs for food.

No wonder that soon from many trees the gloomy pendants announced the spread of the young naturalist's fever.

Each season has an interest all its own, especially to the collector.

The winter with its daytime study of snow crystals to be converted into delicate, white paper copies pasted on to a black background and thus making a lace work of exquisite forms.

In the long evenings the boy or girl sorting and arranging stamps collects far more than these bright bits of paper or their money value. He is gaining a knowledge of languages, of government, of geography, of the currency of the whole world, of history, and by studying the faces and the minute differences of the various issues, is cultivating the power of keen observation which will serve him well when he looks out upon a broader sphere than the circle of light falling from the home lamp upon his stamp album.

A young acquaintance is collecting padlocks, from the grotesque affairs for fastening barns to the diminutive heart-shaped attachment to a dog collar.

Another little friend has numerous whistles from different countries.

A youthful collector delights in a mimic fleet of boats constructed by himself and his jackknife, and he has learned to describe the rigging of each.

When sickness came, as soon as the weak fingers could manage paper and scissors to cut out from the patterns in his mind, he had the joy of doing as did Robert Louis Stevenson in days of childish illness when he—

'Sometimes sent his ships in fleets

All up and down among the sheets.'

'Tis true that there may arise objectionable fads, as, for example, the present obnoxious and slang-inspiring button craze. But let us be patient. This will have died a natural death and been forgotten while young eyes still grow eager over nature studies everywhere leading them upwards.—'Wellspring.'

Be Filled With the Spirit.

(Extracts from an article in 'The Conqueror,' by J. G. Hallimond.)

'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?' was the plain, straightforward question Paul asked of the Ephesians, and this is the ques-

tion in the affirmative, you are not—nor, indeed, can be—as strong, or clean, or powerful, or intellectual as you ought to be, and God wants you to be; and it is wrong, positively wrong, to be a dwarf when you might be a giant. It is a crime to be a lazy, apathetic do-nothing when you ought to be a burning, fiery, flaming light. It is an actual sin to be tinkering on with a trumpery tack-hammer when you ought to be wielding the resistless force of a great steam sledge. So, after all, it is not a question of your conversion, of your being engaged in Christian work, as 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?' Is your work being done with power? Are your influence and words and actions all clothed with power—the power of the Holy Ghost?

The condition upon which the Holy Spirit will enter and abide in a man's heart is that that heart shall be emptied of everything unlike himself.

Commandant Hebert Booth of Canada recently in one of his addresses very simply but forcibly illustrated the law of surrender by the piano which stood on the platform at his side.

It was a thing of wood and iron and bone, and a few pieces of ivory and steel, which had to be surrendered first into the hands of the manufacturer, who put them into shape and tune. Then the instrument was surrendered again unreservedly into the hands of the performer, and only when it was thus given up into his hands could this dead thing be used. But when once it was surrendered, and he was master of it, then at his bidding out rushes the flow of melody and sweetness and charm.

This law of surrender runs like a continuous golden thread throughout the whole spiritual realm. It is seen woven into the warp and woof of the history of every one of God's sons and daughters since the world began. Only when the entire being is placed absolutely and unreservedly in the hands of God does he take it and make it the medium of his divine energy and force. But, oh, how wonderful is the music that God can bring out of a fully surrendered instrument. Paganini played on one string, did he? Yes, but that strangely gifted man never produced such harmony out of his violin as the Divine Musician brings out of this poor, tumble-down, lop-sided, battered, torn, and wrecked human personality of ours.

To surrender is a painful thing. If you read these few lines in the same spirit as I write them, you will not get through them without deep heart searching, and probably much real mental anguish.

You want to know what are the antagonistic things in your case. There is only one way in which you can get this information, and that is by dealing directly with God himself upon the question. It would be absolute folly on my part to attempt to indicate particular things in your life that are hindrances to the filling with the precious Spirit. Of course actual sin—deliberate breaches of God's commandments—habits that are clearly infractions of Christ's express injunctions and precepts I need not specify—but these are probably not the particular things that are keeping the average Christian, and some Salvationists, from enjoying the baptism of power. The obstacles in their cases, are the doubtful, debatable, questionable things, and these you can best discover and appreciate by having the matter discussed and examined in company with the Spirit himself. He will make manifest the source of trouble to you far more clearly than any human friend, however wise or sympathetic he might be, could possibly do.

The Faith That Was Justified.

(W. E. Cule, in "Sunday Companion.")

The sudden and disastrous failure of Sherat & Co., in August, threw me out of employment at a season when situations were exceedingly difficult to obtain. For six long months I vainly endeavored to secure a berth, and February found me penniless and almost hopeless.

My savings were exhausted, and I had disposed of everything that would assist in supporting myself and my mother.

I almost gave way to despair then, but her courage never faltered, even in that darkest hour. Every morning she smiled and told me to be of good cheer as I went forth upon my useless quest; every evening she received me with the same smile, silently read the evil intelligence in my face, and said never a word that was not bright and hopeful.

Her faith in her Master's providence was full and perfect, and she saw his hand behind the cloud with a clear trust which brought a strange confidence even to my mind.

On the evening of February the 9th I was trudging home once more through the dark streets from the usual bootless search, when I paused to glance into a shop window in one of the small by-streets. Even now I do not know why I paused. There was nothing there to attract me, for the place was simply a third-class clothing store and exchange.

But as I gazed through the grimy window a sudden resolve came into my mind. It was born partly of necessity, for I knew that there was hardly a penny at home to serve our needs, and probably very little food in the house.

After a moment's bitter reflection I turned into the stuffy little shop. A faded man in spectacles came forward and glanced at me inquiringly.

"I wish to sell this coat," I said, quickly, "What is its value?"

I slipped it off and gave it into his hands. It was my last resource. The coat was a handsome new ulster of some price, the latest purchase of a more prosperous time.

The shopkeeper examined it with care, evidently understanding the situation. Then he asked thoughtfully:

"Do you wish to take another coat, sir, as part of the price?"

I replied in the affirmative. The weather was then so severe that I could not have done without one.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "I think we can come to an agreement. I have a coat here that may suit you. It is rather shabby but quite warm and comfortable."

"It was left by a gentleman who wished to have something heavier," went on the man, as he brought forward a rather worn blue covert coat. "Said he'd been ill and wanted something warmer. There's a good deal of wear in it yet. Just try it on, sir."

I glanced at that blue coat with natural disgust. It was shabby enough, and well worn at the seams. I noticed, too, that one of the buttons had been lost, and a glaring white one sewn on in its place. But it proved a respectable fit, and was fairly comfortable.

In five minutes my little sacrifice was complete. My fine ulster hung upon the dealer's wall, and I went out in that shabby blue coat with the positive riches of two whole guineas in my purse.

"Can't go much lower than this," I thought as I trudged homeward, "unless it comes to selling my hat. But perhaps the tide will

turn now, and bring in my ship. Hallo! what's this?"

A loose parcel had been rolled by the sharp wind almost to my feet, and I picked it up with some curiosity. It was nothing more, after all, than a copy of an evening half-penny paper which some extravagant clerk or other had carelessly thrown away after reading.

I smiled at this first symptom of returning fortune; and put the paper in my pocket. I could read it after tea with genuine enjoyment. For many weeks now I had been obliged to frequent the Free Library for my scanty reading.

My dear old mother looked up as I walked into our little room, and her glance was one of surprise. For a moment she did not quite recognize me.

"Ah!" I said making some attempt at a jest. "I suppose it's the way of the world. You won't know me any longer, now that I look shabby!"

Then she saw the whole story and smiled—smiled in the way I knew so well, though a tear or two made her spectacles dim.

"Oh, Charlie!" was all she said. But it was enough, and she said but little more when I slipped the price of my ulster into her hand. What need was there for words between us two?

I took my tea, giving a brief account of my day's adventures at the same time; and then, remembering the paper, took it out, intending to read aloud from it. First, however, I turned, by habit of many months' standing, to the columns devoted to "Situations Vacant."

I gave a sudden exclamation as my glance fell upon the first advertisement in the well-known column: "Wanted, at once, an assistant bookkeeper. Must have large experience. Apply in person at 10 a.m., Thursday, to Vallings & Co., Murdoch Lane."

"Here's a chance!" I cried, in excitement. "Just the thing that would suit me!" You know the name, mother—Vallings, the china merchants, one of the best houses in the whole trade."

She smiled at my sudden exhibition of hope and confidence.

"The name seems familiar," she said, thoughtfully. "Haven't I seen it in the papers lately?"

"Oh, of course," was my answer, after a moment's reflection. "I remember now, they dismissed a confidential clerk for embezzlement, and some nights after the office was entered, and the safe opened by someone with a duplicate key. All the notes and ready money, which the cashier had intended to bank the next day, was stolen, and Vallings lost over a thousand pounds by that burglary. It's the same house—I remember it all now."

"And they never caught the thief, did they?" "Didn't that clerk of theirs suddenly disappear?"

"Yes," I replied; "but not at the same time. The man they dismissed was instantly suspected, but he had quite vanished nearly a week before the burglary. No one has seen him since either, though the police have hunted high and low. They can't find a single trace of him. But this vacancy, I only wish I were sure of getting it."

As I spoke my eyes fell upon that shabby blue coat, and I groaned in spirit. Too well did I know the value of a good appearance, and I had parted with mine this very evening.

My mother saw the direction of my thoughts, and her look became troubled. But only for a moment.

"Charlie," she said, laying her hand upon

my shoulder, "don't worry about that, he who prompted you to wear this coat for my sake sent this lost newspaper to you. Surely you can trust him to manage the rest of the business for the best."

CHAPTER II.

It was fifteen minutes to ten next morning when I passed through the swing-doors of Messrs. Vallings' office and looked curiously around.

It was a large, bare room, evidently used as a waiting-room. It was now empty, except for the presence of two office-boys, who were sitting at a long desk opposite the door.

I briefly stated my business.

"Oh, you'll have to wait a bit!" said one of the two with a careless nod. "There's one applicant in now. You can sit down there."

I sat down to wait, while the youngsters indulged in a whispered conversation. Presently a sentence reached my ears and caused my face to become fiery red.

"Put him down number two, Bill, and write 'seedy' after it. He looks precious —"

Seedy! I glanced at my shabby blue coat. It looked shabbier than ever by the morning light, and the whiteness of the seams was painfully apparent. That conspicuous horn button had been taken off, but mother had not been able to supply a substitute, and its place was glaringly empty.

At that moment the swing-door opened again, and a silence fell upon the two whisperers. In my shame and humiliation I was glad of a diversion, and looked around eagerly.

An old gentleman, white-haired, and wearing spectacles, but erect as a dart, had entered the room. He gave me a single glance, and then he spoke to one of the boys, who had stepped forward.

"Is Mr. Thomas in?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy very meekly; "but he is engaged for a few minutes."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman discontentedly, taking a chair opposite mine before the fire.

As he took up the morning paper his glance fell again upon me. At first it was simply a careless one, but in another second the look became a stare of suddenly awakened interest and surprise.

I could not at first comprehend it. I knew that poverty was writ large upon me; but that was surely no sufficient reason for such a keen and embarrassing scrutiny.

At last my anger rose and I looked up questioningly. Then I saw that the stranger's eyes were fixed, not upon my face now, but upon my coat. My shabby garment was the real object of his attention.

As I faced him with some little indignation he rose from his chair, threw down the paper, and commenced to pace the room from end to end, his head down and his hands clasped behind. But I knew that his eyes were still focussed upon me at every turn, and I became alternately hot and cold with the discomfort of his attention.

He began at last to mutter to himself in an absent-minded way, and as he passed my chair I caught the words, low, but distinct:

"That coat! — that coat! Very strange! — very strange!"

I rose in desperation, wishing that both the coat and its owner were in the Dead Sea together.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" I asked, with hardly suppressed temper.

He paused in his march.

"Speak to you!" he repeated in some little confusion. "No, I did not. But I wish to

ask you, young man, where did you get that coat?

This was unbearable.

'Sir!' I cried, 'do you suppose that I stole it?'

He looked at me searchingly for a moment without replying, then resumed his march around the room. But his absent-minded mutterings were also resumed, and again I heard the words, spoken disjointedly, but clearly:

'Stole that coat — humph! — shouldn't wonder — looks greedy enough. Very strange! very strange!'

I had done my best to restrain my swelling anger, but now I gave up the battle.

Dimly conscious of my own flushed and excited face, and of the smirks of the two attentive youngsters at the desk, I seized my hat and strode angrily to the door.

But as I laid my hand upon it, the thought came to me of one who was anxiously waiting in our little parlour at home for news of my success, and I paused. Only that one memory could enable me to crush my anger, and for the moment I was strangely undecided. Then the mother won, as she always did, and I turned back.

Just as I did so, the inner door opened. A young man, whose spick-and-span appearance contrasted favorably with my own, passed out, and a voice cried from within:

'Next, Wilkins, please.'

The office-boy nodded to me, and I passed in, just as two others whom I guessed to be candidates also, came into the waiting-room from the street.

I found myself in a large office, well furnished and carpeted. A middle-aged gentleman, whom I guessed to be Thomas Vallings, was sitting at the table, and with a careless 'Good morning,' asked me to take a chair. As I did so I noticed that the old gentleman who had caused me such excessive annoyance had followed me in, and was standing near the door.

'Good-morning, father,' said Mr. Vallings, urbanely. And from the short conversation that followed I saw that the old gentleman was Mr. Vallings, senior, whom I had heard of as now retired from active business work, but still devoted to the office and all its ways. When I knew this my hopes became faint, indeed. The rencontre in the outer office was not likely to help me.

My application soon received attention; but the old man, to my surprise, said nothing. My references were all satisfactory, as I knew well, and the testimonials which I was able to show were all that could be desired. Yet I fancied that the glance of Thomas Vallings rested-doubtfully once or twice upon that shabby blue coat. Appearance goes for a great deal in the city.

'Very well,' he said, at last, 'I have several applicants yet to see, and I cannot settle the matter now. Give me your address, and you shall receive a note as early as possible.'

I gave my address, and was rather amused to see the retired partner searching the District Directory a few seconds later, as though to verify it. Then I left the room and the building, facing as I went the curious glances of the other applicants, now five in number, who were gathered in the waiting-room.

I felt quite hopeless as I walked home. Everything had appeared to conspire against me, and I knew by instinct that the influence of the senior Vallings, with whom I had had such an unpleasant encounter in the waiting-room, would score heavily against my chances. I felt mortified and humiliated, too, when I thought of the insults which the morning had brought me.

Still, I could not help being comforted when the mother said confidently, after hearing the whole story:

'Well, don't worry, my dear boy. God is working this affair as he works every other, and you may be sure that he knows the best way. There can be no doubt of that, though we cannot see it plainly just yet.'

CHAPTER III.

It was a scanty supper that we sat down to that evening, and an early one, but it was quite a happy repast. My troubles seemed to vanish before the smile of the one whose careful hands had prepared the table, and who sat at the other side with the dim light of our little oil lamp gleaming on her silver hair.

After the meal was over I brought her the great book, and a new light shone in her face as she turned the leaves with loving fingers. And when she read, the words showed me of what she had been thinking:

'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.'

'For, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.'

She paused there a moment, then softly turned the leaves again. It was her favorite paragraph that she read next, ending with the words:

'Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.'

Heaven knows, my faith at that time was far from perfect, but hers was contagious. Even the sight of that shabby blue coat, which lay near me upon a chair, failed at that moment to disturb my peace of mind. And then I wondered when justification of her confidence would come.

Suddenly I heard a cab dash up to the door. Then a loud knock echoed through the house.

Startled at such an unusual event, I went to the door in haste, and opened it, to find a tall figure muffled in fur standing there. At first I did not recognize him.

'You must forgive me for calling so late,' said a slightly familiar voice, 'but I could not come before. May I speak to you for a few minutes?'

To my astonishment it was Mr. Thomas Vallings who stepped into our narrow little passage and quickly closed the door.

'You are surprised to see me,' he said with a smile, 'but I will explain my purpose in a minute or two.'

I led him into our room silent in my astonishment, and introduced him to my mother. He seemed to take in at a glance all our surroundings, and I saw that his eyes rested for more than a moment on that coat of mine.

'There is method in my visit,' he said, as he took a chair, 'and I am sure you will not think it strange when you have heard all, though I must admit that you have some cause for surprise.'

He paused for a moment, as though embarrassed, and eyed me closely. We were both so taken aback at the suddenness of the affair, and so puzzled by his presence, that we could only wait in silence for an explanation.

'You will remember,' he said presently, turning to me, 'you will remember a conversation which you had this morning with my father? I am afraid that you were rather annoyed by his peculiar attention; but I can assure you that Mr. Vallings was quite innocent of any desire to offend you. In fact, he is abrupt in speech, and sometimes eccentric, and his manner would appear strange to one who did not know him.'

I could not but smile as I thought of what had occurred.

'Yes, sir,' I said, 'Mr. Vallings seemed to be deeply interested in that shabby old coat of mine.'

The merchant nodded.

'He was deeply interested,' he said emphatically, 'and it is as a result of his interest that I am here to-night. May I ask you to tell me one thing? Have you had that coat for any length of time?'

There was a short silence, then I replied: 'No, sir; I have had it only for one day.' And in a few words I told him the circumstances.

Before I had completed the story I saw a look of satisfaction upon his face, and he heard me out with intense interest. Then he asked:

'Did you hear of the robbery at our offices a short time ago? Ah, I see you did! No doubt you are aware, then, that suspicion fell upon a discharged clerk of ours, Gervase by name?'

I answered in the affirmative; and the merchant went on:

'Gervase had vanished. He had left his lodgings some days before the burglary, and all the efforts of the police have failed to trace him. You will understand that we have only circumstantial evidence against him, but that is very strong. Now, the police have acted all along on the assumption that the man had left England, but that blue coat of yours suggests very strongly that the police are mistaken.'

We glanced up in surprise, and Mr. Vallings went on, with a peculiar smile:

'Two or three days before the burglary my father caught a glimpse in Piccadilly one evening of a person whom he took to be Gervase. He did not pay any particular attention to the face, but that was the impression left upon his mind. What he did notice, however, was this — that the person, whether Gervase or not, wore a shabby blue coat, and that one of the buttons of this coat was of a very noticeable kind — a large horn one — while all the others were black.'

I glanced meaningfully at my mother, and immediately answered the merchant's inquiring glance.

'I have that button, Mother took it off this morning, but could not find a substitute for it.'

The merchant's look of satisfaction increased.

'That is well,' he said; 'and you will now see the reason in my father's question this morning. He believes it was Gervase he saw in Piccadilly several days after the man had left his lodgings and vanished, though we all told him that his failing eyesight deceived him. When he saw you this morning with the coat on he recognized it at once, and felt sure he had chanced upon a clue. After you had gone he sent to Scotland Yard for Inspector Jenkins, who thinks favorably of this supposed clue. He is waiting in the carriage at your door. Will you take us to the clothes-dealer from whom you obtained the coat and assist our inquiries?'

I could not but assent, and at once prepared to go. For the last time I buttoned that shabby blue coat about me, and mother lighted us to the door. The gleam of the lamp fell upon the still figure of a man who was waiting without. As he came forward Mr. Vallings introduced him:

'Inspector Jenkins, of Scotland Yard.'

The result of our inquiry is to be found in this paragraph from the 'Evening News' of three days later:

'This morning the Metropolitan Police made a smart capture at an obscure lodg-

ing-house in the East End. Our readers will remember the recent burglary at Messrs. Vallings, Murdoch Lane, by which the firm lost over one thousand pounds. Suspicion fell upon a discharged clerk named John Gervase, whose perfect acquaintance with the methods of the office was strong circumstantial evidence against him. Gervase, however, had completely disappeared several days before the burglary, and the police acted upon the theory that he had left the country with his spoil. It now appears that the man, instead of leaving London, had simply changed his lodging for a more obscure one, and by a complete change of clothing and the use of a disguise effected such a metamorphosis in his personal appearance that he was unrecognizable even to familiar acquaintances. Unfortunately for him, the police accidentally discovered the shop at which he had left his old garments and purchased new clothing; and by this strange clue were eventually enabled to trace him. He was arrested this morning by Inspector Jenkins, who deserves great credit for his skill in effecting the capture. The prisoner, not having dared to move abroad to any extent, had been unable to dispose of the proceeds of the robbery, and almost the whole sum was recovered.

This little paragraph, pregnant though it is with meaning, cannot tell the whole story. The romance of the shabby blue coat is quite unknown to its readers, and they could catch no glimpse between the lines of the simple faith which was so absolutely justified.

What more need I say? A substantial present from the firm enabled me to do more than recover my coat, and the responsible position I now hold at the office in Murdoch Lane drives both the fear and the memory of poverty far from me and the silver-haired mother who personifies Peace and Blessing in our home. But, upon my study wall hangs a shabby blue coat with a history, and I never glance at it without hearing in my memory these words, read in a gentle voice from the Great Book:

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

Then I murmur the other words so fully proved:

'Casting all your care upon him: for he careth for you.'

Arthur Melton's Start in Life.

'I think you dropped this, did you not?' said a bright-looking young fellow about eighteen, stepping up to a young lady of twelve, who was going into church one Sunday morning. He held a handsome little red leather purse in his hand which the young lady had drawn out of her pocket with her handkerchief, and which had fallen on the street.

'Thank you very much,' said the young lady with a smile; and she took the purse out of his hand and hastened into church as the service was just beginning.

It was Arthur Melton's first Sunday in London. He had left his mother at their little cottage home in Frankland, where his brother, who had a small business in the place, took care of her. Arthur had been apprenticed to the village carpenter, and had become a good hand at his tools. He had just completed his time, and as there was no opening for him in his native place he had resolved to come up to London and look out for work. The minister of the

church gave him an open letter speaking warmly of his excellent character, and his master also gave him a certificate of steadiness and ability in service. With these in his pocket he had come up to town on Saturday, and had secured a cheap and quiet lodging at a modest temperance hotel, till he should see how things were going to turn out for him. Arthur was naturally of a brave and hopeful temper, and he had early learned to believe in a Heavenly Father's love. In leaving home, although sorry to say good-bye to the mother whom he loved very dearly, and the brother who had been like a second father to him, yet he came away with a heart that was not daunted in the least at the uncertain prospect before him. As he entered the great city on the Saturday evening, and felt himself stunned by its light and noise and bustle, the enormous traffic and the countless crowds, he had a conviction in his heart that success was before him. He had health and strength on his side, a good knowledge of his trade, and a willingness to work; a resolution that nothing should tempt him to drink, or other evil ways; and, above all, a thorough trust and assurance that God would be with him, and that the prayers of his father who had gone to his rest, and of his mother who still was spared, would be answered on his behalf.

On Sunday morning Arthur went out to find a place of worship such as he was accustomed to, and it was as he was about to enter one that he noticed the young lady drop her purse. He waited for a moment or two after she went in, and then he also entered and asked if he might have a seat. 'Certainly,' was the answer, and he was taken upstairs into the gallery and shown into a pew. Somehow he could not help looking down to see if he could find out where the young lady was. He soon espied her about the middle of the church, seated in a pew, the whole of which seemed to be occupied by the same family. There was the father, a rather tall, thin, and somewhat severe-looking man, with a bald forehead and a pair of gold spectacles. Beside him sat the mother, a portly, comely lady in middle life. The rest of the pew was taken up with other members of the household, and among them the eyes of Arthur rested on the young lady he had seen outside, and who had been a little late in joining the rest. 'What a sweet-looking girl,' thought Arthur to himself; 'she is the loveliest thing I have seen, and I am sure she is as good as she is beautiful, for I can see it in her face in the way she attends to the service.' Then Arthur's conscience reproached him for his wandering thoughts, and as the hymn was just given out, he rose and joined in the singing with a full, clear voice; and soon the words stirred his soul to deep and holy thanksgiving. The minister preached on Eliezar meeting Rebecca at the well, and pointed out very forcibly how God answers prayer and guides the path of his people. Arthur felt greatly encouraged by what he heard, and when he left the church he felt as if he was indeed entering on a new stage of life.

On Monday, Arthur dressed himself with his usual neatness, and getting several addresses where he might apply for work, he started to call at them in succession. 'No hands wanted,' 'Nothing for you,' and such-like answers, he received at half-a-dozen places. He was not easily discouraged, but these rebuffs did make him a little downhearted. At last he entered the office of a Mr. Jacob Patterson, contractor and builder. It was quite a small room; one clerk was sitting writing, and another young man was standing at a high desk with some

plans of buildings before him. In the centre of the room, with his back to the fireplace, stood a gentleman whom Arthur at once recognized as an occupant of the pew in which he had seen the young lady on the preceding day. This took him so much by surprise that he remained silent, looking at the gentleman. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Jacob Patterson, for this was he, 'and what may be your business here?' He spoke in a sharp, quick, decided style, but without any trace of ill-temper. 'I have come, sir, to see if I can get any work. If you would look at these papers—' Hand them over. From the country, I see. You look like it, too. Clever workman. Clever enough for the country, I dare say. Minister speaks well of you. Parsons always do that. Everybody's an angel, by their account. Know as much about business as I do about Greek. When did you come up?' 'Saturday, sir.' 'Where have you been staying?' 'Samuel's Temperance Hotel.' 'Well, that's better than a public-house. No friends in London?' 'None yet, sir.' 'None yet; going to make some, I suppose. Wonder what sort they'll be. What did you do with yourself yesterday?' Mr. Patterson looked at Arthur sharply in the face as he made that inquiry. Arthur felt a little surprised at the pointed questions put to him, but he felt that there was not the least occasion to feel embarrassed. So he answered, 'I went to church, sir.' 'Did you indeed, and where?' 'To the church at the corner of Canterbury row.' Mr. Patterson looked a little surprised. 'Indeed, and what took you there?' 'I went because it was the first church I found of the kind I've been brought up to.' 'Well, and what did you hear?' 'A sermon, sir, on answers to prayer, founded on the story of Eliezar and Rebecca.' Mr. Patterson took off his glasses, polished them with his handkerchief, and then put them on, doing all this very slowly as if wrapped in thought. Then he said in a quiet voice, 'Well, young man, I am glad to hear you've spent your first Sunday in London well. As to whether you'll suit me as a workman is a different thing, but I'll give you the chance. I'll tell my foreman about you, and be here to-morrow morning sharp at six o'clock, at the workmen's entrance there at the side into the yard. Good morning.'—Presbyterian Messenger.

A large part of the unevangelized in heathen, Moslem, and pagan lands, says Dr. Pierson, have been unapproachable by man. The harem, zenana, scraglio, have excluded men, even as physicians. The comical experience of an American doctor in Syria is an illustration. Being urged to prescribe for the favorite wife of a pasha, he insisted that he must see the patient. This being denied, he must at least see her tongue and feel her pulse. Presently, from behind the curtain, a hand was thrust, and a tongue protruded through a slit. He said, 'This is a healthy pulse and a normal tongue; there is nothing the matter with your wife.' 'That is not my wife's hand and tongue, of course,' said the pasha; 'that we could not allow; it is the hand and tongue of her maid.'

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;

While the tomorrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gates.

The common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.
—Henry Burton.

LITTLE FOLKS

Little Home-Bird.

By Catharine Shaw.

'Why, Nellie, you are home-sick!'

Her grandmother opened her arms and took the little pale girl into her embrace, while Nellie buried her head in the soft folds of sweet smelling lace which enveloped her grandmother's neck,

She had not expected, however, that her grandmother would guess about it, and it was some time before she could get out a word.

'What is it you miss so much, dearie?' asked the old lady, thinking of all the preparations she had made to welcome the child, and the toys she had bought, and wonder-

so I'm with Georgie. I can't think what they will do now I'm gone; and I wish I hadn't come.'

She said the words gently and politely, and her grandmother quite understood, even without the words that followed.

'Not that I did not want to come, or do not like being here, grandma; but I'm afraid mother will miss me.'

The little head went down again among the soft lace, and there was a moment's silence.

'What do you do, dear, then, that makes you think she will miss you so?'

'Oh, everything! In the morning I take up her breakfast and sit with her while she eats it. Then I run messages for her; and when nurse is with her, then I amuse Georgie. When he was a little baby I often sat with him for a whole morning! If he was asleep, I used to creep about and get my dolls and things, and set them within reach; and mother used to say she was perfectly happy if she knew I was with him. Then I used to sit as still as a mouse, and used to tell myself a story to pass away the time.'

Her grandmother pressed her ever so little to express her desire to hear more, and the child went on,—

'Then when he grew older I used to teach him to crawl about the room, and we used to have games together till he could walk; but that rather spoilt the fun, because he was always getting into mischief, and I had to be awfully careful that he did not run to the stairs. But I always was, because of mother, you see—'

She seemed to be waiting for an assent from her grandmother, so the lady said softly,—

'You have been a great help to her, I am sure, dearie.'

A long drawn breath, then,—

'But the worst of all was that mother was a little bit afraid nurse



her tears raining down in quite a shower at the tenderly-spoken sympathy.

Her grandmother smoothed her hair and patted her cheeks lovingly; asking her what made her cry and why she was sad.

The little girl had come away from home for the first time, and now she was settled in the large, quiet house, with no baby's voice to break the stillness, with no mother's room to run into, with no nurse to dress her or talk to her, and even scold her, the little girl felt suddenly as if her heart would break in two, as if she could never live through a whole month of such days as this first one.

ing if there were anything that had been left undone.

'Well, you see, grandma,' she whispered at last, 'there's Georgie! I'm always busy with Georgie all the time.'

'Are you, my dear? What does nurse do then?'

But she was obliged to have another good cry at even the mention of his name, after which she cleared up, and raising her head a little bit, she went on,—

'You see, grandma, ever since Georgie was a baby I've always been wanted to amuse him, and so, of course, I miss him now. You see, mother has never been strong since, and nurse is often with her,



'and I were spoiling Georgie. You see, we didn't mean to; but I had got into the habit of—giving him everything, and then he got into the habit of—of—'

'Expecting everything,' put in her grandma, with a little smile.

'Ye-es,' said Nellie slowly; 'and I am afraid that is why mother wished me to come on this visit. She said she never used to let me cry for things, nor get them, either if I did, and she wants Georgie to be the same—'

'You may be sure she is wise,' whispered her grandmother.

'Ye-es,' again assented the little girl, 'I know that, of course; only I wish there had been some other way—'

'Well, dearie,' said her grandmother, in a more cheery tone, 'let us believe that it is the very best thing for everybody. You will go back, stronger and brighter; Georgie will have learned to do for a little while without his darling slave; and mother is a little better, and will be able to have baby more with her, so that everybody will have a change! I've often seen, Nellie, that there is a silver lining to many of God's blackest clouds!'

So the little girl rose up comforted, and sat down and wrote the letter to her mother which had been impossible before.—'Our Darlings.'

Mopsy's Good Time.

By Ernest Gilmore.

The face of Mopsy was very long; you would hardly believe she could smile, looking at the doleful blue grey eyes which she wrathfully raised to Dolly's face.

'I think it was awful mean of Tom to take mamma off to drive while I was asleep. Why didn't they call me? I guess I need a good time as well as mamma and Tom,' Mopsy complained.

'They thought it would be better to let you have your nap out, seein' you ain't got your strength yet,' answered Dolly, 'But I agree with you about yer needin' a good time as well as the others. You won't get it that way, though—no use hopin'.'

'Won't get it what way?'

'By mopin' and complainin', and callin' folks awful mean. Supposin' fer a change you think less about your havin' a good time and more about somebody else havin' a good

time. Then, in the end, you'll be sure of havin' a rare good time.'

'What do you mean, Dolly?'

'Supposin' you try to do somebody some good.'

'I do somebody some good! Who, Dolly? What good?'

'Well, you might begin by helpin' me,' laughed Dolly; 'I've an awful pile of work to wade through to-day.'

'I'll help you,' Mopsy said, the frowns all gone from her face.

'What shall I do first?'

'Stone that cup of raisins, and then chop 'em fine with that cup of blanched almonds.'

Mopsy stoned and chopped faithfully until the job was done, and then she asked, 'What next?'

'Stir that white of egg stiff with sugar, please.'

'What is it for—candy?'

'Yes, candy for Thanksgiving. I made two platters full yesterday, but your mamma wants more.'

The outer door opened and closed, letting in a sad-faced woman.

'I can't come to help you to-morrow,' she said regretfully to Dolly; 'the baby's that restless I can't hardly put him out of my arms, and Nathan seems weaker than he was yesterday.'

'I'm sorry you can't help us—sorry for you that you have got such a load to carry,' Dolly said, kindly. 'Wait a bit, while I run to my room for the two little dresses I made for the baby.'

'Bless you, Dolly,' the woman said, as she received the gift; 'I don't know what the baby would do without you.'

'What kind of dresses were they?' Mopsy asked, as soon as the burdened mother had gone.

'Nothin' very nice; they were made out of the best parts of my old blue gingham dress; they were stout, though, an' will do for the poor little babies.'

'How good of you to think of making things for them when you have to work so hard,' Mopsy said, appreciatingly.

'Not very good,' Dolly answered, as she sewed up a fat chicken; 'I've got to do the best I can under the circumstances, or my Master will be grieved. I shouldn't want to grieve the Saviour who died for us—should you?'

'I don't know. I guess not. I've never thought about it,' Mopsy stammered, tears in her eyes. 'I don't believe though, that I've ever

done anything for him. I'd like to, now—oh, Dolly!'

'So you shall, dear, so you shall; it's a good time to begin, too. You'll have a happier Thanksgivin'. You needn't give Mrs. Drake's baby anything, but she has a dear little girl who can't walk a step. You might remember her.'

'Oh, Dolly! not walk a step?'

'No, dear, not a step, nor ever will. Supposin' you make her a plate of candy; I'll show you how.'

Mopsy became so interested in the candy-making that she forgot all about her mother and Tom out driving. When they returned she displayed the fruit of her labor to their admiring eyes.

'English walnuts! Cocoanuts Almonds! All for me; how good of you!' laughed Tom.

Mopsy explained who they were for, and her mother looked surprised, then suddenly bent her head and kissed her.

'I am glad you have remembered Him, my child,' she whispered. 'I must rub up my memory, too.'

Were there tears in her mother's eyes? Mopsy thought so.

'I never had such a good time in all my life before,' said the child, the next day after her return from her loving errand. 'The little sick girl cried for joy; she kissed my hands, which were wet with her tears. And, oh, mamma, my wrapper just fitted her and she looked so sweet! When the poor woman unpacked the basket, and found the chicken, and celery, and biscuits, and jelly, she said, "Bless those dear feet that are walking in the Way," and the sick man—Nathan the woman called him—said "I was sick, and ye visited me." They'll get their reward, mother, from Him!—' Good Words.'

Don't.

Don't complain about the weather,
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather,
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain about the sermon,
And show your lack of wit,
For, like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it doth fit.

Don't complain about your neighbor,
For in your neighbor's view,

His neighbor is not faultless,
That neighbor being you!

—Waif.



Stop Before You Begin.

Success depends as much in not doing as upon doing; in other words, 'Stop before you begin,' has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

'Another time hold in your horse before he starts.'

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing:

'No, I thank you.'

If John, at that time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a saloon, 'No, I thank you,' he would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said, 'No, I thank you,' he would to-day have been perhaps an honored officer in the church, instead of occupying a cell in the State prison.

Had William, when at school, said, when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school, and sign his father's name, 'No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong-doing,' he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this, that resisting the devil in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous.

'Avoid the beginnings of evil' is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, lusts and bad appetites had driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down the hill; learn now to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they may come, 'No, I thank you,' and, in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.—'Golden Days.'

Little Things Are Greater Than People Sometimes Think.

There are some boys and girls, says an exchange, who are not very particular about little things. They think that the size of things makes them large. But this is not always so. Little things appear sometimes to be unworthy of notice, but oftentimes they cause great results. A little spark has often been the means of causing a great fire. The great ocean is made up of little drops. When a boy or girl is careless in their habits and say, 'Oh, it is a little thing—too little to pay any attention to,' they make a great mistake. The little acts make habits which are almost impossible to be broken. We

once heard a story of a man who lost a throne and his life by a little act—very trivial indeed, some people might think. It was on this wise. Many years ago there was a king of France, whose name was Louis Philippe. His eldest son was heir to the throne at his father's death. He was a very fine young man, kind, affectionate and generous. Everybody loved him and people took pleasure in saying, 'What a fine king he will make.'

He had command of a regiment of soldiers in the French army: He had been ordered to join his regiment, but before he went he was invited to dine with some friends and say good-bye to them. There was wine on the table and they all drank some. He had never been intoxicated in all his life. He knew just how much wine he could take with safety and he always stopped there. But some one of the party invited him to 'take just one glass more.' He refused. But the friend urged him so much, that he took just another little glass of wine and then sprang into his carriage and bid his friends good-bye. He began to feel the effects of the wine as the carriage drove along until it came to the place where he was to stop. He opened the door, jumped from the steps, but his head was confused. He hardly knew what he was doing. He stumbled and fell. His head struck the pavement and he was taken up senseless and bleeding and died in a very short time. For one glass of wine he lost his life, the throne of France and millions of dollars of property. So one glass of wine is not very small after all. One bad action is not so small as we think. As God sees it, all little actions are big actions.

Let us resolve that we will be true to God in all the little affairs of life. If we do God will bless us. If we do not, the little sins of life will be so many weights to sink us down to eternal death.

The Cigarette Evil.

That this evil is rapidly spreading in almost every community must be apparent to every observant citizen, and the daily press furnish abundant evidence of the deadly effect of the cigarette habit.

The Rev. Mr. Kidder, writing in the 'Advance,' refers to a Wisconsin city of 6,000 population in which a recent investigation revealed the fact that a single dealer retailed on an average 300 cigarettes per day, or between one and two thousand by the various dealers of the town.

In Lansing, Mich., Superintendent Laird and others made a systematic canvass of the schools, and the habit of using tobacco was found to have been formed by many boys. Some of them had gone so far as to forge their parents' names in order to procure the weed. A principal in Chicago says the sale of cigarettes to children has been steadily increasing, and that she actually found a boy of eleven years smoking in her office, his desire to smoke being so strong that he ran the risk of indulging even there. Many are ruined by this habit, their lives cut short and their mental and moral power so weakened as to render them unfit for any service. Said a teacher of large experience: 'A boy that has the cigarette habit upon him can do nothing in the schoolroom. He must either quit the habit or quit the school.'

Superintendent Laird, of Lansing, said that he knew of instances where boys, naturally bright, had become stupid and indolent to such an extent they could not keep up in their studies, and their falling off in mental ability he believed can be directly traced to cigarettes. This is the testimony from Maine to California, and yet measures against their use in the public schools, accompanied by

vigorous prosecution of the sellers, are only occasional and spasmodic.

Churches as well as temperance organizations should lift up a warning voice against this crying evil, and parents should unite with superintendents of schools and teachers in adopting vigorous preventive measures, according to authoritative statistics. The entire output for the 1895 was 4,042,391,640; and the profits are enormous. The American Tobacco Trust claims that in one year it made a clear profit of \$4,000,000 from the sales of cigarettes alone.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Father Mathew.

Father Mathew has thus left an unparalleled record of temperance labors, and though many of those who signed the pledge went back some remained faithful. He certainly stands forth as one of the most illustrious of temperance reformers, and perhaps if he had worked less he might have accomplished more. He attempted to do what was beyond even the staying power of his vigorous constitution. There were, of course, a number of zealous temperance reformers at that time, but none able to take his place and do his work. Father Mathew was a man of singular endowments, alike of intellect and heart and manner, and thus wielded a unique influence over others, however much they might differ from him in their religious opinions. 'Father Mathew,' said one to whom he was administering the pledge, 'here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me.' 'God bless you, my dear; I didn't care if you were a Lemonman,' was his answer. 'Father Mathew,' exclaimed a respectable lady, a leading Methodist, 'I pray daily that the Lord may preserve you in humility; has he done so?' 'Yes, ma'am,' was Father Mathew's reply. When living Father Mathew won the respect and admiration of all classes in the kingdom for his work's sake, and now that revolving time has nearly brought round his centennial, reformers throughout the world to recall his beneficent career and catch inspiration from his great example.—'League Journal.'

Habits.

Our bodies are the 'temple of the Holy Ghost.' 'Therefore,' says Paul to the Corinthians; 'glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.' The use of alcohol upon the body is most destructive. It brutalizes, degrades and destroys. It is no less destructive to all the mental powers. Once that it has gained the mastery, it is almost impossible to overcome the desire for it. Everything is sacrificed for it. Home, and all that we hold most dear in it, yields to its accursed sway. There is nothing so dear, nothing so sacred, that it is not cast away before it. Theotimus, an ancient Greek, on being told by his physician that he must give up his wine cup or lose his eyesight, replied, 'Farewell, then, sweet light.' There is no greater conquerer in this world than he who gains the mastery over himself. Habits however lightly they may seem at first to set upon us, soon acquire a strength, and become so powerful as to be oftentimes entirely beyond our control, when, at last, in the effort to be free, we discover their fatal hold upon us.—Lima J. Walbe.

'Mental suasion for the man who thinks,
Moral suasion for the man who drinks,
Legal suasion for the drunkard-maker,
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.'



LESSON II.—July 11.

Paul and the Philippian Jailer.

Acts xvi., 22-34. Commit vs. 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.'—Acts xvi., 31.

Home Readings.

- M. Acts xvi., 16-40.—Paul and the Philippian Jailer.
 T. II. Cor., vi., 1-18.—'In Stripes, in Imprisonments.'
 W. Phil. iii., 1-21.—'For Whom I have Suffered.'
 Th. Acts xx., 17-35.—'None of these things move me.'
 F. II. Cor. iv., 1-18.—'Persecuted, but not Forsaken.'
 S. Acts ii., 37-47.—The Greatest of all Questions.
 S. John ii., 1-21.—The One Plain Answer.

Lesson Story.

Paul and Silas were in prison, how had they come there? They had been staying at the house of Lydia and going every day to the riverside for prayer and preaching, but as they walked along they were followed by a girl possessed with an evil spirit. This poor creature cried after Paul and Silas, saying, 'These men are servants of the most high God, which shew us the way of salvation.' When this had gone on for some time, Paul, one day, turned and rebuked the evil spirit, commanding it to come out of her, which it did at once, and the girl was restored to a sane mind.

There are always some wicked persons to get angry when any good is done, the rum-seller would be very sorry indeed if all his old customers were converted, for then his trade would be gone. So in this case there were those who had made much money out of the utterances of the poor demoniac slave girl, and now they could no longer draw this revenue. Greatly enraged, therefore, they caught Paul and Silas, and dragging them into the court before the magistrates accused them of trying to force Jewish customs upon the Romans—an utterly false charge, but the truth would not have been regarded. Then the angry crowd clamored and the magistrates commanded that they should be beaten with rods. After much beating and rough handling they were put into prison and the jailer charged to keep them safely as dangerous characters. They were thrust into the dark, filthy 'inner prison' and their feet fixed in the stocks.

At midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns of joy and praise, the other prisoners were intently listening to these unaccustomed sounds. Suddenly, as if in answer to their prayers, a great earthquake shook the very foundations of the prison. Doors flew open. Shackles fell off. Bands and bars burst asunder, and the prisoners found themselves free. The noise woke the jailer, who, seeing the prison doors open, supposed every one to have fled. Drawing his sword he was about to fall on it, but Paul cried out to him, 'Do thyself no harm,' for no one had escaped. The jailer probably recognizing in Paul and Silas the teachers of a new Gospel, came trembling before them asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' Then they preached to him and all his household the gospel of God's love, and bade them believe on the Lord Jesus Christ that they might all be saved. They were all baptized with joyfulness, and taking the missionaries to his own house, the converted jailer did everything in his power to make them comfortable.

Early the next morning the magistrates

sent word that the missionaries were to be allowed to go free. But Paul said, they have beaten us openly and uncondemned, which was against the law, we being Roman citizens, they must come themselves now to take us out of prison. Then the magistrates came in fear and trembling, begging them to quietly leave the city. On their way out they went to the house of Lydia and there met with and comforted the little band of converts.

Lesson Hymn.

Sinners Jesus will receive;
 Sound this word of grace to all
 Who the heavenly pathway leave,
 All who linger, all who fall!

Come and he will give you rest:
 Trust him for his word is plain;
 He will take the sinfulness:
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

Christ receiveth sinful men,
 Even me with all my sin;
 Purged from every spot and stain,
 Heaven with him I enter in.

Lesson Hints.

The earthquake brought liberty of body to the prisoners, but liberty of soul to the jailer and his household, through faith. The servants of God were not frightened by the earthquake, they were safe for life or death. 'Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God'—Literally, 'praying they sang hymns.' The hymns of prayer meant something to them, they were not singing just for the music, as we are so apt to do now-a-days. 'The prisoners heard them,' and doubtless some were led to believe on the God the missionaries trusted and praised. Only God can keep us peaceful and joyous in the midst of suffering.

The keeper . . . would have killed himself—If the prisoners escaped he was liable to the same punishment they would have received, he thought better to kill himself than be tortured. 'Fell down before Paul and Silas'—connecting in his own mind the great earthquake with the religion of these two men. 'What must I do to be saved?'—He had no fear of the law, but he was suddenly convicted of sin before God. How could he be saved from his sins and their awful consequences? 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ'—It is all in this sentence, believe, trust the Lord, acknowledging him to be God. Jesus—the very name signifies a Saviour, (Matt. 21.), Christ, the promised Messiah. 'They spake unto him the word.' They were tired and bruised and faint, yet here was an opportunity to speak of their Saviour. They seized the opportunity and had the joy of seeing the whole household brought to Christ.

Search Questions.

Give from the Old Testament an account of a battle won by hymns of praise.

Primary Lesson.

Once there was a little boy who was playing out in an orchard. He saw a nice big ladder leaning up against a tree and thought what fun it would be to climb up into the tree. So he began to climb up the ladder, and for a little way it was great fun. But after he had gone up many steps he began to be tired and thought perhaps he had better come down. When he looked down at the ground it seemed so very far away that he was frightened, being a very little boy, and began to cry. Some one heard him crying and came running to see what was the matter. It was his father. 'Why, Robbie, how did you get up there?' asked he. 'Oh, papa, I thought I would climb up and get some apples, and now I can't get down again,' he sobbed. Then his father came up the ladder and held out his arms for Robbie. But Robbie only held on to the ladder and screamed, 'Oh, no, no, I'm afraid to let go.' 'But, Robbie, just jump into papa's arms and he will carry you safely down.' 'No, I can't. I'm afraid?' 'You don't think papa would fall, do you?' 'No, but I'm afraid. I can't let go of the ladder.'

His father felt very badly and did not

know just what to do, but he said, 'Well, Robbie, if you won't let go of the ladder I'm afraid I shall have to go away, because it is no use for me to stand here if you won't trust yourself to me.'

Then Robbie was frightened at the thought of his father going away, and he just made a great effort and jumped into papa's arms and was carried safely down, as he would have been at first if he had not been so silly. His father had saved him from falling from the ladder. He was not saved just by believing that his father stood there and was able to save him, he was not saved until he believed in his father enough to trust himself to him. So we can not be saved just by believing there is such a person as the Lord Jesus who is able to save us from our sins, we are not saved until we believe in him enough to trust ourselves to him, to put ourselves into his arms that he may carry us safely through life. That is the only place we can be safe, 'in the arms of Jesus.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Out of my bondage,' 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' 'Leaning on the everlasting arms,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Jesus will help you,' 'What can wash away my sin?' 'Oh, what shall I do to be saved'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Paul and Silas received no opposition till their religious acts clashed with the finances of the heathen. (verses 19-22.)

Many a Christian has had his body fettered while his soul enjoyed perfect liberty. (verses 23 and 24. Also II. Cor. iii., 17.)

The active Christian will turn the most dismal dungeon into a house of prayer and a palace of song. (verse 25.)

Notice two earthquakes. One shook the prison house; the other rent the jailer's heart. (verses 26-29.)

Simple faith in Christ always brings sweet satisfaction to the anxious enquirer. (verse 30, 31.)

Faith vitalized by works is the only faith that pleases God and gladdens the convert. (verses 32-35.)

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

July 4.—Consecrated patriots—what will they do?—Deut. xxxii., 1-13.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

June 27.—How can we become more patient?—Jas. v., 7-11.

Children's Mistakes.

After all our efforts we often fail utterly. I once thought I was making it very plain when I told of Joseph sold as a slave, but I found no child had any idea connected with the word slave. In a lesson on the Lord's Supper, I might as well have talked Choc-taw, for the eleven out of the sixteen present that rainy Sunday had never seen the communion table, and every one of the eleven, as it happened, the child of a church member! Years ago I carefully explained that when Zacharias prayed he lighted some sweet smelling powder called incense, and prayed to God as the smoke rose. The next week, when I asked on the roll, 'What is this burning on the altar?' one child answered, 'Insects!' But another jumped to her feet and corrected him with, 'No, 'tain't insects, its insect powder!'

How little of the bible is taught to children even in Christian homes! What can a teacher do in half an hour when she must do all? Very little at the best, and that is the reason why I lay so much stress on committing the verses to memory. It isn't much that the most successful teacher can do for such little ones, but what is learned before seven has a way of sticking in the memory to the end of life. It is rather an old-fashioned way; little is said about it nowadays, but it is the only method with a promise of God behind it. So I hold on to the promise and plant my seed.—Mrs. E. McL. Rowland in 'Congregationalist.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Keeping a Family History.

A long winter evening or a stormy day is a good opportunity for forming or arranging a cabinet of family curios, to which may perhaps be added some of only local associations. We slight inexcusably the record of the places that are really dearest to us, and are often at slight pains to preserve and label and keep together the mementoes which are truly priceless.

Such a collection would be a tangible record of the family history, and would often give a reality to dimly remembered personalities, as only the things they have made or used can do. So let us not fail to have this cabinet, and let us put in it at once the quill great-grandfather used in his schoolmaster days, the tiny pewter porringer of great great-grandmother's, the arrow-head from the land grandfather cleared, grandmother's small, rusty scissors and bodkin, the seals, the ancient ring and ear jewels and whatever else is a tangible record of the earlier lives. The making of such a collection is more properly a home and a joint household task—as it may be a common happiness—because the older members of the household will doubtless have tales to tell of the objects themselves, or of their owners, tales which will be more vivid and charming with the things themselves at hand.

A family journal is not a new idea, but it may be made a very precious thing. The making or the adornment of it may well occupy more than one long evening. For it may include not only the record of events but pleasures—of father's Western trip and mother's one long outing; the list of the guests at Frances's wedding, or at Ned's birthday party, with a bit of the bride's gown, or the traveller's dress, or a leaf from the birthday wreath. Beside the date of the moving may be pictures of the old home and the new; some photographs may add to the interest of the growing story; and if one possess a kodak, or the gift of ready sketching, there is no limit to the graphic touches which may be added to it.—Portland Transcript.

Emergency Cooking.

Happy is the woman who can, to use a popular expression, 'turn a short corner' when she finds herself face to face with the need for a good dinner, and very little in the house to make it of.

A woman of alternatives had an experience not long since that may serve as a peg upon which her sisters can hang ideas.

'It was a wretched day,' she said 'and, as luck would have it, the family were all out and not likely to be home until late in the afternoon. On account of the storm, probably, the marketing had not been sent home, and I found myself wondering how we could manage if it failed us entirely, for I could not recall half a dozen spoonfuls of anything in the house with which to make up a meal.

'But we do not know what we can do when we are compelled, as I found later.

'About five o'clock some friends from the train came on a visit that I knew was likely to last for a couple of days. They had been expected, but not quite so soon, and, of course, I was not in the least prepared. We were a mile and a half from the lemon that the story tells about, and nobody to go on an errand.

'The maid rapped at the door, and when I went out, she was the picture of consternation.

'"Whatever are we going to do, and four extra people to dinner!" she said.

'I took a few turns about the kitchen, my brain going like a spinning top, then I took pencil and paper and took account of stock. A couple of quarts of milk, half a pint of cream and a piece of codfish, a basket of eggs, a couple of bunches of very poor celery and some cold boiled potatoes.

'The fish was shredded and put into water to freshen, the potatoes were sliced and browned in butter, the celery was washed and cut into small pieces and put on the stove to cook; then I went back to my guests and prepared to take the chances on an emergency meal. We called it supper, as it would scarcely pass muster as anything else. In due course of time the celery was slightly thickened with brown flour and seasoned with butter, pepper and salt. The fish was prepared with a brown-flour gravy and beaten egg and seasoned to taste. Some bits of parsley were placed around all of the

dishes. The coffee was freshly made, and as a dessert I opened a can of greengages. Part of the cream I used for coffee, the rest was whipped and used with the plums. And so, out of a very little, we had a meal for eight persons, when I had previously bewailed the situation, with the idea that I could not get up a supper under any circumstances until the marketing came.'

Very few women who have not tried it realize what can be made out of very little. It is an excellent idea always to have in the house a few cans of fruit and vegetables.

One may get up a luncheon with corn fritters or rice croquettes, indeed potato or fish croquettes of any kind. It is very unwise to throw away even a small piece of fish or meat of any kind. With very little time and ingenuity one may bring out of almost nothing a dainty little dish. Two tablespoonfuls of picked-up fish, either fresh or salt, with a large cupful of mashed potatoes and proper seasoning, will make a lunch dish for three or four persons.

A few spoonfuls of apple-sauce, that most people think would not be worth saving, will make apple-fritters or a delicious pudding. Small bits of meat freed from bone and gristle and carefully chopped will form the basis for patties or may be worked into meat-balls with potatoes, or if mixed with a little well-beaten egg will serve admirably upon slices of toast.

There are a few women in this country who have learned that what the French woman says is absolutely true: 'That she can feed a family from what goes to waste in the ordinary American kitchen.'—N. Y. Ledger.

Etiquette For Young People.

(By Cousin Belle.)

WHEN TO STAND.

(First Paper.)

If the rule were laid down that a gentleman should not remain seated while a lady is standing a great many exceptions would have to be made—as many as to any rule in English grammar. For instance at an afternoon reception most of the guests will be sitting down while the young ladies who pour the tea are still standing or walking about to serve them. And, again, when a father comes home tired at night it is quite right that he should enjoy his easy chair while his daughters or even his wife finishes preparing the tea-table. Indeed, in practical life such exceptions would occur every hour of the day. Yet the young man who would consider that these are exceptions, and follow the rule as far as practicable would be far on the way toward good manners.

Suppose two brothers of sixteen and fourteen are reading in the family sitting room. Mother comes in. If a comfortable chair is not ready placed in a good position by the window or table as she likes it, the elder boy naturally rises and puts it right for her. It is not necessary for both boys to rise, but when another lady enters the room the younger boy, if he is well trained, will probably rise and offer her his own chair, and if she prefers another, will stand till she is seated. Such courtesies of home life make good manners in society an easy and natural grace instead of an artificial acquirement.

A gentleman unless very old, stands when being introduced, but a lady need not always rise when a gentleman is introduced to her. At a dinner the gentlemen are careful not to sit down till all the ladies are seated.

Now when should a young lady stand? If she is with an elderly lady she should stand till the elderly lady is comfortably seated. It does not look well for the young girls of a party to drop at once into the best chairs. The most dutiful conduct in this respect is also the most elegant. It is generally best to stand in any social gathering till an older lady or a married lady sits down.

When a caller comes into the room where the lady of the house is sitting, the hostess rises to greet her. But if a caller is shown into an empty parlor and the hostess comes in afterward, the caller should rise. If a young lady caller on seeing the lady of the house come in merely looks up and smiles, as she might do if they were both at home, her conduct is rude though her intentions may be entirely affable.

Selected Recipes.

Potatoes-au-gratin.—Hash eight cold boiled potatoes, and place them in the dish in which they are to be served. Sprinkle over them two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese (Parmesan preferred) and two tablespoonfuls of fresh bread-crumbs. Spread well over them a piece of butter half the size of a small egg. Then place the dish in an oven and let it remain about ten minutes, until it takes on a golden brown.

Cream Dressing.—Mix one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt and a speck of pepper. Add the yolk of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one half cup of milk; cook over water until it thickens. Remove from the stove; add slowly three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. When cold add three tablespoonfuls of thick cream whipped.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

Sir,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school for a good number of years now, and the longer we take it the better we like it. In its new and revised form it is a marvel of neatness, cheapness and everything that is good, and more especially do we like it for the noble stand it takes for the cause of temperance. ARCH'D. McNAUGHTEN.

Dawn.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

Sir,—Kindly forward to me as soon as possible fifty 'Northern Messengers' for the third quarter. You will notice nearly every time I send, they want more. Your paper gives great satisfaction in our school, and is a great help to the children.

ROBERT J. FERGUSON.

(On behalf of Immanuel Congregational Sunday-school.)

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